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WORONI

THE NEWSPAPER OF THE AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL UNIVERSITY STUDENTS ASSOCIATION. VOLUME 18 NUMBER 11
SUBSCRIPTION RATES: MEMBERS OF ANUSA \$1.14 P.A.; MEMBERS OF GENERAL PUBLIC \$1.00 P.A.

October 7, 1966 10c

AFRICAN EXILE S.R.C. MEETING IN CANBERRA

Robert Resha, Director of International Affairs of the African National Congress, will visit Australia for three weeks in October. His visit to Canberra from Monday, October 10th to Thursday, October 13th, is being arranged by the Committee for the Defence of Human Rights in South Africa.

Mr. Resha will speak at a public meeting on the Tuesday at 8 p.m. in Childers Street Hall, and again on the Wednesday at 1 p.m. in the Haydon-Allen Tank.

Robert Resha was born in 1920 in South Africa. He worked for two years in the mines and then became a journalist and sports writer. A member of the Executive of the African National Congress, he worked actively against the Western Areas Removal Scheme particularly in Sophiatown where he lived. In this campaign he worked closely with Father Trevor Huddleston.

Robert Resha was prominent in the African Education Movement at the time the A.N.C. was organising cultural clubs as an alternative to the Bantu Education. He was a leading figure in the organisation and leadership of all Congress "stay-at-homes", and was the A.N.C. speaker at the Durban Rally of 20,000 which launched the potato boycott in 1959 as a protest against farm labour atrocities and abuse of labourers' conditions and pay.

He is married to Magdalena Resha, a prominent member of the African National Congress Women's League and also the Federation of South African Women. They have two girls, aged about 16 and 14.

Robert Resha was one of the 156 Congress members accused in the marathon Treason Trial which lasted over four years (beginning in 1956) and in which all the accused were acquitted.

Mr. Resha was sent out of South Africa by the A.N.C. in 1961, and is a frequent speaker at the United Nations on apartheid in South Africa. He has visited Europe, Latin America, the United States, Canada, the United Kingdom and many countries in Africa speaking on this subject.

Mr. Resha is at present the A.N.C. representative in Algeria. He has just completed a most successful tour of the U.S.A. and has represented the A.N.C. at the U.N. seminar on apartheid which was held in Brasilia in August.



Robert Resha

U.S. STUDENT LEADERS AT A.N.U.

In the last week of second term a group of six American students on a State Department tour visited the A.N.U. briefly, and on Wednesday, August 3rd, informally met with about twenty local students.

The discussion began on Australia's role in the world but soon shifted to the political influence of the student. The Americans gave an account of student political groups and said that the Young Democrats and Young Republicans were both flourishing concerns, the former because of the encouragement given by President Johnson (who is conscious of his lack of appeal to youth) and the latter in reaction to this. Clint Deveaux, the only negro in the party, discussed the effects of students on the civil rights movement, and said that student action tended to be more continuous and concentrated in this field than elsewhere. Elsa Moltz (Columbia University) mentioned an interesting scheme in which every year 10,000 U.S. Government "internships" are offered to students for vacation work. The students work in government departments in fairly responsible positions, doing mainly routine jobs for senators and congressmen, and occasionally even writing their speeches. The value of this for the student's understanding of the public service and politics, and of the practical problems faced, is very considerable.

The discussion next turned to immigration and racial policies. Terry Higgins argued that it should be possible for Asians to migrate to Australia; in reply to a remark about the difficulty of avoiding national ghettos, he said that ghettos should be actively discouraged by teaching

migrants about Australia, with particular regard to language problems. The fact that Australia's official help to the migrant stops when he lands here is quite disgraceful. Clint Deveaux mentioned that U.S. Asian immigration policy is also very restrictive, though less so than Australia's; skilled Asians are allowed in. He expressed pessimism about the elimination of racial prejudice, especially in America. In the long term there may be some chance, because the youth in the South is better educated; but generally prejudice is far too virulent, and may recur in even worse forms. Mark Tier said that Australians are not as unprejudiced as they think. Few of them have much contact with Aborigines or Asians, and to actually participate in the breaking down of racial barriers is very different from holding liberal beliefs without contact with other races.

On the question of America's image Larry Rose from Minnesota said that it was a gross oversimplification to state that there is anti-American feeling throughout the world. It is relevant to note that America is a major power and hence its mistakes are magnified and publicised. This led naturally to a discussion of America's role in Vietnam. All five Americans opposed involvement in varying degrees, but differed on the details of what America should do now it was so deeply involved.

In retrospect, it is unfortunate that more A.N.U. students did not get the opportunity to meet these very articulate and generally impressive students.

— JOHN MONFRIES.

Student Representatives faced an extended agenda at the September 11th meeting of the S.R.C.

During the meeting the fate of Woroni for the third term was decided; responsibility for Orientation Week shared out between a Director (Roger Mackay) and a Handbook Editor (Martin Gascoigne and John Iremonger); the Library Sit-in acquiesced to, and a recommendation that the University Council be approached to allow the President of the S.R.C. to attend their meetings as an observer, accepted.

The three-hour meeting began with a report of an attack on a girl student by two men on University Avenue, which had prompted both President Baker and Dean of Students Brown to request a reconsideration of present lighting around the campus. Baker also requested increased patrolling by University Guards.

The next major issue was a squabble between the S.R.C. and Mark Tier over the cost of a workbench installed in the Woroni offices. Tier wanted \$60 labour costs; the S.R.C. refused on the ground that they had agreed on a price which should have included labour costs — Tier's \$60 doubled the price without S.R.C. acquiescence. The debate subsided with Tier muttering about legal action.

The Yocklunn/Baker approach to the governing University Council provides for the attendance of a student representative with more repertorial powers — speaking rights are also needed.

So far matters affecting students have been decided without constant consultation with a student rep. Thus much student action has the character of protest against *faits accomplis*, rather than active constructive co-operation with the powers that be.

It is natural that much of the time of a representative body should be taken up with parcelling out jobs. Indeed, one of the indicators of an active body is the number of applicants for the tasks. Unfortunately, during this meeting of the S.R.C. most jobs were gained by default. Adrian Falk (representing a group of five) was handed the Woroni editorship without opposition; Roger Mackay was handed the Orientation Week Directorship without opposition; only the post of Orientation Handbook Editor was contested — by Mackay, who was later given the Directorship, and by a partnership of Iremonger and Gascoigne who carried it off by a majority vote of two.

Marie-Claire Symons' motion asking for A.N.U. participation in the N.U.A.U.S.-sponsored national Library Sit-in provoked some opposition (some questioned the value of such a "demonstration" — Who wants to be labelled a long-hair?) but it was passed, if without enthusiasm.

John Yocklunn presented a report on the deliberations of the last University Council meeting. The Council has agreed to a composite fee for post-graduate students. However, no provision within this fee has been made for a Student Association fee. It was moved that the Secretary of the S.A. express the opinion of the S.R.C. on the matter to the Vice-Chancellor.

On the entertainment front, Clive Schollay, aptly chosen for the task, reported on approaching Disk-Jockey Vowles about a possible time-slot for a University radio programme. Vowles proved quite co-operative. Advertising seems the main hurdle before a programme could be put over the air in first term next year.

Two incidents came under particular attention — one the legacy of Bushweek, the other an instance of petulant infantilism. According to the proprietress of the Bungeadore Hotel, students managed to destroy over thirty dollars worth of glasses during celebrations of the Bushweek tradition. She sent the bill for such a manly expression of true Aussie mateship to the S.R.C., which did not sponsor the kiddies' outing. Paying the bill, the S.R.C. claimed, would be merely condoning the zoological impulses of adolescent inebriates. But recognising the

harmful effects of the visitation it decided to make a donation of fifteen dollars.

The second incident occurred when a group of intellectuals, thwarted in their attempts to get something to eat owing to the fact that the Union was closed, proceeded to wreak their puny vengeance on a Union employee's car. Such an exercise in originality resulted in ten dollars worth of damage to the windshield. In moving that a grant be made to cover the cost, Clive Schollay called upon the Disciplinary Committee to investigate.

After deciding that the names of life members and past Presidents should be recorded for posterity on an "Honour Board" and amidst the vociferous dissent of Megan Stoyles, the ninth meeting of the thirty-seventh S.R.C. closed.

NEGRO TEACHERS?

A Melbourne teacher has caused controversy by suggesting that the 50,000 Negro graduates of American universities who are unable to gain positions to match their qualifications could be used to ease the current teacher shortage in Australian schools.

Mr. V. Vogt originally outlined his ideas in the August edition of the Teacher's Journal (the magazine of the Victorian Teachers' Union) claiming that this would enhance Australia's image overseas and that "the infusion of new and differing views could give a welcome stimulation to teaching ideas and practice here." (p. 287).

On Saturday, August 24th, Mr. Vogt had another opportunity to put his case in a television debate. He quoted the Australian College of Education nationwide survey which found that in all Australian secondary schools, both private and government, one in every six matriculation teachers had no university qualifications in the subjects they were teaching. Again, 19% of Victorian secondary teachers have had no teacher training.

At present it is economically more feasible to solve this problem by importing qualified Negro teachers rather than by expanding the present system of teacher training since an increase in the number of Australian graduates recruited could only be at the expense of other public services and commerce and industry. Further, present training colleges have problems with accommodation and especially staffing, and have to turn away applicants for studentships. Again, even a vast expansion of present teacher training facilities would take some years for its effects to be felt.

Discussing the availability of Negro teachers, Mr. Vogt cited a National Education Association survey, financed jointly by the N.E.A. and the U.S. Office of Education, of seventeen southern and border states. Despite a teacher shortage, as many as 1,900 summer graduates of the 73 predominantly Negro teacher training institutions were not employed as teachers. Further, the Victorian Education Department alone received 50 applications per week from the U.S.A. for teaching positions, and presumably some of these are from Negro teachers. Thus there is a pool of labour which is both qualified and interested in working in Australia.

Finally, on the question of union opposition to his scheme, Mr. Vogt noted that branches of the Victorian Teachers' Union have already recommended the possible entry of Asians into the profession to teach Asian languages, and also of members of other professions, and these precedents would justify the employment of Negro teachers.

Besides providing a novel approach to the critical problem of teacher shortage, Mr. Vogt is once more raising the problem of the extent to which public servants should be allowed to offer unrestricted criticism of their employers.

UNIVERSITY HEALTH

Dr. S. B. Furnass was appointed Director of the University Health Service on August 1st. He holds degrees from Oxford and London and for the past five years has been a consulting physician in Canberra. The service is located on the second floor, Copeland Building (enquiries 49 3598, appointments 49 2442) and is available to students for consultation, advice, and minor emergency treatment.

WORONI



A.N.U. at N.U.A.U.S.

The N.U.A.U.S. August Council provides a midyear opportunity to review the effectiveness of policy. All Unis sent delegates to the Melbourne venue. All current programmes came under prolonged scrutiny. A number of these are particularly relevant to the situation at this Uni, if only to point out the sorry state of our participation in national student action.

The first of these was the decision to conduct a nation-wide library sit-in to demonstrate the lack of serious planning that has gone into the Commonwealth's allocation of resources to education. Typical of this University's concern for national issues was the S.R.C.'s stand on participation — it was made conditional upon action from the other Universities.

This faint-hearted unwillingness to take a strong stand typifies the A.N.U.'s performance — at best "conditional support", at worst total lack of interest. Take, for instance, N.U.A.U.S.'s long-deliberated decision to conduct a Protest Day against Conscriptors for Vietnam (not conscription per se). On its showing the A.N.U. is going to ignore the decision.

It's no wonder, then, that criticism by members of other delegations was directed

against us. Is our connection with the national body any more than lip-service?

This question is not specious — what, for instance, has happened to the proposed student referendum on conscription and Vietnam? It has yet to be conducted. So the views of this university are not going to be represented in the publication of the N.U.A.U.S. pamphlet on conscription in February.

The A.N.U. is, to say the least, a backwater as far as national student affairs is concerned. One of the reasons for this is that it lacks students who have taken an active part in N.U.A.U.S. activities. An example of this was the turnout for the Model Trusteeship Council on New Guinea. It was disappointing to realise that the numbers of students who had availed themselves of the New Guinea Work Camp Scheme were small. This year's Work Camp Scheme has brought forth one solitary A.N.U. applicant.

In view of the present state of affairs perhaps we ought to allow ourselves the heretical question — why stay in N.U.A.U.S.? Why not opt out? At least we would save ourselves the embarrassment of defending our lack of concern.

A.C.T. Elections

Despite the efforts of the A.C.T. electoral candidates to outdo each other in their policies (and we genuinely applaud all this campaigning at a time when Australian politics are becoming less and less a concern for most people) the problems of social welfare have once again received only cursory attention. This is only to be expected: problems like poverty, unmarried mothers, and provision for the aged are dull and uninteresting to most people, and are notoriously bad vote-catchers. Nevertheless they are part of the social reality and must not be ignored.

One area to which the above comments apply with some force is that of mental illness. This is rather surprising since a committee of the Council of Social Service has recently published a report on the mental health services in the A.C.T. (including mental retardation) and has made a number of recommendations which could form part of a really enlightened political platform on mental health. Unfortunately, however, we do not have in Australia the English tradition of preparing detailed statements of policy, and must therefore content ourselves with rather vague promises from the candidates in this field.

Political Students

One of the many ideas brought by the American students who visited A.N.U. last term was the scheme whereby college students are hired for government jobs during the summer vacation. This year 6,300 government interns went to Washington to work in Cabinet and Congressional offices and in Federal agencies at \$75 a week. Some of their training consists of seminars, but "their fundamental education is rooted in the daily contribution to the Congressional routine: answering constituent's questions, drafting inserts for the Congressional

Record, digging up testimony and campaign material". (Newsweek, August 29th).

The advantages of introducing such a scheme in Australia are obvious. It would help to break down the mutual distrust which now characterises relations between students and government and would allow students to earn money while carrying out research. Hopefully, it could lead generally to a greater interplay between the social sciences and policy-making. Unfortunately, there are no signs that Australia is in this respect planning to go all the way with L.B.J.

Car Safety

Figures released recently by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company of New York show that Australia is second only to West Germany in having the worst road accident record in the world. West Germany has 25 deaths per 100,000 population each year an Australia 24.5 (The Australian, 12/9/66).

There are, of course, several variables at work here, but it does seem that car manufacturers must take some of the blame. A recent article by Craig McGregor (Comment, August, 1966) has outlined some of the deficiencies of Australian cars from a safety view-point. None of the biggest sell-

ing cars, Holden, Ford Falcon and Chrysler have disc brakes or radial ply tyres, and their steering is "slow, imprecise and low-geared..." Further, a study of cars on display at the Melbourne Motor Show revealed that only 14.5% were fitted with seat belts.

It is amazing that Australia lags so far behind other countries in enforcing safety devices which have been proved effective in countless studies. This is just one more example of the political influence of the Federal Chamber of Automotive Industries and of the dictatorial attitude of our largest car manufacturers to the Australian public.

WORONI is published fortnightly during the year except during the examination and vacation periods under the auspices of the ANU SRC by George Westbrook, Director of Student Publications. Subscriptions \$1.50 per year post paid. Advertising rates: Casual, \$1.25 per inch; contract rates on application. Clubs and Societies: first inch free, then 60 cents per inch. Student classifieds: three lines free, then 8 cents per line. Registered at the GPO Sydney for transmission by post as a periodical. Printed by the Canberra Publishing Company Pty. Ltd. at Barrrier Street, Fyshwick ACT.

Editorial Committee
Harry Abraham
Adrian Falk
John Iremonger
Robert Moss
Philip Sandford.

Staff
Stewart Firth
Chris Dwyer.
Advertising
Mark Tier.

Letters

Church Halls

Sir,
The recent announcement that provisional affiliation has been granted by Council to three proposed church colleges at A.N.U. John XIII College, a men's college to be established by the Dominican Order of the Catholic Church, Ursula College, a women's college proposed by the Ursuline Order, and Burgmann College an interdenominational college planned jointly by the Anglican, Baptist, Congregational, Methodist, Presbyterian Churches and the Church of Christ raises several questions regarding their place on campus.

These colleges will be welcomed as providing much needed accommodation for the growing number of interstate and country students attending A.N.U. Further the addition of several independent colleges (not subject to Council's control to the same extent as our secular colleges) will give this University's college system further diversity that it lacks at the moment. The Protestant Churches have taken an enlightened attitude in providing an interdenominational college similar to our existing secular halls. An examination of various Protestant colleges in Sydney and Melbourne reveals that the fact that they are religious institutions is not detrimental to students' development. In fact the interest in religion is similar to that expressed in secular colleges. Religion is there for those who want it.

However, the Catholic Church has seen fit to segregate men and women into two separate colleges — an unrealistic and Victorian attitude out of tune with the modern development of inter-denominational colleges throughout Australia.

If other Catholic colleges at Australian Universities are any indication of rules — the two A.N.U. Catholic Colleges will probably be beset by unrealistic and restrictive rules such as exist at Sancta Sophia and John's College in Sydney. Maybe the Catholic and Protestant Churches could enlighten students on this side of their activities. A change by the Catholic Churches to interdenominational colleges at A.N.U. would be welcome.

— GRAEME BLOMFIELD.

Sir,
I have been requested to make a comment for Woroni on the new church colleges.

It is possible to view the establishment of church colleges at the A.N.U. as desirable in that they will provide a choice for students between secular and church residences. However, I support the attitude of opposition to church colleges which A.N.U. students have expressed at meetings called to consider the question, and of which the administration has been informed.

It would appear, that the administration in planning to meet the residential needs of students was frustrated in its attempts to maintain the existing system of secular, mixed halls by the financial restrictions placed on it by a government which realises that residential colleges can be provided on the cheap if it lets the churches do it, and then gives such churches a grant to help them along.

The new church colleges are detrimental to a student's development, not only because they are religious sub-institutions within a secular campus, but also because separate colleges are being established for men and women.

The University Committee on the affiliation of colleges, and the university council, should act to ensure that attendance at the religious activities of these church colleges, will not be either compulsory or expected.

It is regrettable that lack of finance has contributed so substantially to the downfall of an enlightened approach by the administration — which has been shown to be even more so in that it has worked well — our secular, mixed halls of residence.

— KEITH BAKER,
President.

Drama

Sir,
For those of us in this university who are interested in theatre, 1966 should be a date to remember. The student body, after years of apathy and indifference, seems suddenly to have discovered that drama is a normal and worthwhile campus activity, and that the university ought to have a properly equipped theatre.

The formation of the Performing Arts Council, with its plans to raise money for a Fine Arts Centre, is a most exciting and encouraging event. It is also very good to see theatrical matters being given such wide coverage in Woroni.

It is a pity, however, that Woroni's treatment of the problem has been, in one respect, at once so inexcusably ignorant and so unnecessarily abusive. In particular the charge (in the article "Theatre Failure") that "the University has . . . generally refused to take an interest in the problems of theatre on the campus" is completely untrue.

In 1962 the University Council set up a Drama Committee. Although operating initially on a small budget the Committee has installed a considerable amount of lighting and other equipment in Childers Street Hall; and it has also subsidised practically every dramatic production staged on campus in the last three years apart from the pantomime and the revue. Facilities may be limited at Childers Street; but there would be none there at all if they had not been provided by the university. The Theatre Group and the Dramatic Society would have gone out of existence if they had not been financially supported by the Drama Committee.

The Committee has been instrumental in bringing shows such as the highly successful "Macbeth in Camera" to the campus. It also underwrites the productions staged annually by various departments in the Arts Faculty.

During 1964-65 the Drama Committee was very actively concerned with the planning of a lecture theatre which the university was then proposing to erect as part of the Coombs Building. It was then intended that this theatre would be properly equipped for the presentation of dramatic and musical performances. Plans reached an advanced stage; and it was assumed that work would begin on the theatre in 1966.

Towards the end of last year, however, when tenders were called for the project, it was clear that the cost would exceed the funds made available by Australian Universities Commission; an approach to the A.U.C. for extra funds was unsuccessful; and the project had to be abandoned.

The Drama Theatre was naturally extremely disappointed that the Coombs Theatre could not be built; especially as it was now clear that theatrical groups in the university would have to continue using the antiquated and inefficient Childers Street Hall. The problems raised by this situation are, of course, complicated by the fact that at some stage in the next few years the University will have to give up the Hall. Nonetheless the Drama Committee considered the question at its meeting on March 11th; and as a result of its recommendations the University Council directed "that an investigation be made of the possibility of improving facilities in the Childers Street Hall for the presentation of dramatic productions". These investigations have been carried out, and plans for alterations to the building are at present being considered. We hope that next year the stage and dressing room areas in Childers Street will be considerably improved.

Until we have a fully equipped, properly planned theatre in the university, however, our actors and producers will have to put up with the Childers Street Hall or some other temporary and makeshift home. The Drama Committee will endeavour to see that the conditions in which drama has to be present are, under the circumstances, made as pleasant and efficient as is economically possible. It will also work actively with the Performing Arts Council, of which it is a member, towards the day when the University will have its own theatre.

— R. F. BRISSENDEN,
Chairman,
Drama Committee.

BLACK POWER

by Hector G. Kinloch.

Stokely Carmichael, chairman of the Student Nonviolent Co-ordinating Committee, is the chief spokesman for Negro militance in 1966. The slogan "Black Power" is his rallying cry. It sounds inflammatory, even dangerous; but Carmichael's explanation of it, his justification for it, should be considered before the idea behind "black power" is too easily condemned in toto.

"Black power means that in Lowndes County . . . if a Negro is elected tax assessor, he will be able to tax equitably and channel funds for the building of better roads and schools serving Negroes. If elected sheriff, he can end police brutality . . . On the state and national level, it means that black people can say to white authorities, 'We need X million dollars to fix our roads, and we have X million votes behind us.' Without power, they can only say, 'Please — we need it.' . . . Too often the goal, integration, has been based on a complete acceptance of the fact that in order to have a decent house or education, Negroes must move into a white neighbourhood or go to a white school. What does this mean? First of all, it reinforces among Negroes and whites the idea that 'white' is automatically better and that 'black' is . . . inferior . . . Such situations will not change until Negroes have political power — to control their own school boards, for example. With the achievement of such control, Negroes can become truly equal — and integration (is then) relevant . . ." (Newsweek, August 22, 1966).

This all sounds fairly reasonable. Unhappily, Stokely Carmichael's statements have to be considered in the context of the events in the northern cities of the United States during the past summer. As in 1964 and 1965, the summer of 1966 has seen violence, rioting, racial clashes, shootings, looting and extremist activities on the part of whites and Negroes. These well publicized disturbances have not, for the most part, been in Alabama and Mississippi; but in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia and a score of smaller cities in the American North and Mid-west. Even Omaha, Nebraska, had its racial troubles in the summer just concluded. In the minds of many Americans, therefore, this past summer has been a time of reappraisal of the pace of reform. In 1964 a far-reaching Civil Rights Act was passed. It was followed in 1965 by a tough Voting Rights Act. But the proposed 1966 Civil Rights Act, which is now unlikely to be passed even in an emasculated form, was being pushed in Congress at the same time as millions of voters were making distress signals about the new and expanded claims of Negroes and white liberals for economic and social as well as political and legal equality. "Black Power" is a frightening label to those white Americans, North and South, who were never very strongly committed to the cause of civil rights in the first place. It is understandable that there is now a white "backlash" movement, which may express itself at the polls in November by backing conservative or moderate Congressmen who feel that a good cause is not helped by being rammed down people's throats. "Black Power", then, as explained by Carmichael may not be a violent movement to be feared, but it has to be said that the leaders of S.N.C.C. and C.O.R.E. — the Congress on Racial Equality — would be well advised to avoid extremism in their advocacy of it, if they hope to achieve their aims.

We are discussing black power as though it were a brand new movement. In fact it is a familiar theme. In *Ebony*, the magazine which glossily portrays Negro affluence, there has been a series of articles this year by Lerone Bennett, Jr., on "Black Power". He is not, however, dealing with S.N.C.C. and C.O.R.E. but with the years of so-called Black Reconstruction. In the late 1860's many representatives of the newly freed slaves did indeed have "black power" as members of Southern legislatures. There were two Negro Senators in Washington and several members of the House. Bennett

is implicitly stressing that as there were once Negro politicians in power in the South a century ago, so there can be in the future. He has a double illustration in one of the articles. A nineteenth century drawing of newly franchised Negroes casting votes in 1867 is placed next to a photograph of Alabama Negroes voting in this year's primaries. The caption reads: "There are many striking similarities between the vote situation during Reconstruction and today." This kind of approach to black power has cropped up many times over the past century. W. E. B. Dubois, one of the founders of the National Association for the Advancement of Coloured People, and the editor of *Crisis*, its chief journal, repeatedly stressed how important it was for the Negro not to accept a position of inferiority. He attacked Booker T. Washington, one of the most revered of nineteenth century Negro leaders, for urging "accommodation" to the white man, and the acceptance of second-class citizenship. In *The Souls of Black Folk* (1903), Dubois called on the Negro not to submit, but "by every civilized and peaceful method" to "strive for the rights which the world accords to men . . ." Dubois insisted that the American Negro glory in and not be ashamed of his African past.

This call to Africanness was most strongly made by Marcus Garvey, one of the most influential of Negro leaders in America in this century. Garvey, like Carmichael, was a West Indian. During World War I he founded the Universal Negro Improvement Association, the appeal of which was to blackness, race pride and the ties between Africa and the Afro-American. During the years when Negroes were beginning to flood into America's northern cities, Garvey told them to be proud of their African past. He even attacked Dubois' N.A.A.C.P. for being too "white". His words have been re-echoed during this past summer.

"The N.A.A.C.P. wants us all to become white by amalgamation, but they are not honest enough to come out with the truth. To be a Negro is no disgrace, but an honour, and we of the U.N.I.A. do not want to become white."

This same appeal in 1966, however, is made in very different circumstances. Garvey spoke to a poorly-led, semi-literate bloc of chronically depressed Negroes recently



(AP Wirephoto)

arrived from the South. He spoke at a time of mass poverty and economic dislocation, before the Federal Government had effectively entered the field of civil rights legislation. Furthermore, in the 1920's, there was not the same international interest in American internal affairs, especially about the American Negro, which is now the case. In 1966, there are still hundreds of thousands of Negro unemployed and semi-literate, but there is a powerful "black bourgeoisie", a strong Negro church movement with able leaders, a core of hundreds of thousands of Negro college graduates and a state of national conscience which, basically, is in favour of reforming measures to better the lot of the American Negro. The Negro leaders also know that in a world which includes such a heavy proportion of emerging Afro-Asian nations in the United Nations, the United States cannot allow Negro problems to go unsolved. Negro leaders can therefore safely demand "Freedom Now" and even "Power Now"; whereas poor Marcus Garvey wound up in a Federal jail in 1925, after his conviction for using the mails to defraud the public. In the 1920's his slogan was "No Law but Strength; No Justice but Power". He was a "Black Moses", a prophet to his people as he asked himself:

"Where is the black man's government? Where is his King and Kingdom? Where is his President — his men of big affairs. I could not find them . . . I will help to make them."

Now, forty years later, a younger generation of American Negroes, most of whom know next to nothing about Garvey, are trying to make his dream come true.

Will the cry of "black power" help or hinder the obtaining of full equality for the American Negro in every sphere of life? Are Carmichael's tactics the best ones at the present time for achieving even more gains on the civil rights front? Will the war on poverty, the ghettos, sub-standard housing, discrimination and social degradation be speeded up or hampered by the

black power movement? I believe that the appeal of power-seeking negritude should be welcomed. We can all agree that we must protest against violence, whether white or Negro. We can all hope that the leaders of the black power movement will not completely cut themselves off from the white power structure in order to create their own. But it is right that the American Negro should do all he can to pull himself up by his own bootstraps, to supplement what has been done by national legislation to insist on his legal and political equality. It is right that one of the after effects of the Voting Rights Act of 1965 should be the attempt by Negroes in the South to elect their own people to public offices at the local level. We may not like the ways in which S.N.C.C. and C.O.R.E. are now going about their business, but I feel we should applaud them for wanting to create their own power base; and we should help them to see that, in the long run, the greatest extension of black power can only come with renewed co-operation with the power structure of the overwhelming white majority. We can hope that over the next few years the advocates of black power will not insist on separation of the American Negro, along the lines recommended by the Black Muslim movement; but will temper their understandable radical wrath and work more closely with such moderate movements as the N.A.A.C.P. and the Urban League. Possibly the most important task now facing Martin Luther King is to attempt to reconcile the more orthodox Negro leaders and the brash young black panthers who are impatient and eager for action. In the past N.A.A.C.P. and King's Southern Christian Leadership Conference were regarded by many as way-out radical organizations. Yet they mellowed. They continue to do highly effective work. Similarly, there should not be an all-out attempt to put down the black-power advocates. We should give them time to realize that, in the long run, the only worthwhile power base for the American Negro is neither "black", nor "white" but national.

ANOTHER VIEW . . .

This article, reprinted from *I.F. Stone's Weekly*, appeared on September 19, after the riots in Atlanta earlier in the month.

There is a hopeful side to the riots and picketing in the slums. They indicate that the poor are no longer poor in spirit. This is the spark that hope has kindled, the real achievement of the poverty programme, the beginning of rehabilitation. The negative side is the spread of race war. The Negro, the Puerto-Rican and the Mexican-American will no longer wait humbly at the back door of our society. For them its shiny affirmation of equality is a taunt. Either we make it real or see our country torn apart. A race is on between the constructive capacity of our society and an ugly white backlash with Fascist overtones. The crossroads of America's future is not far off.

Our country is the last hope of multi-racialism. The French, for all their civilising gift, were unable to create that multi-racial community Ho Chi Minh was once willing to enter. The British Commonwealth is splitting up over British unwillingness to act against the dictatorship of white minorities in Rhodesia and South Africa. Racialism and tribalism are the curse of mankind, anachronistic contemporaries of the astronaut. Where white supremacy is gone forever, Arab and Negro slaughter each other in the Sudan; Malay and Chinese riot in Singapore; tribalism is breaking up Black Africa's most promising nation in Nigeria.

Racism here is only another example of a universal human disease. The cry of

"black power" is less a programme than an incantation to deal with the crippling effects of white supremacy. The "black" affirms a lost racial pride and the "power" the virility of which the Negro has been robbed by generations of humiliation. Its swift spread testifies to the deep feelings it satisfies. It is not practical politics; it is psychological therapy. Stokely Carmichael's burning explanation of it in the Sept. 22 issue of *The New York Review* is to be read as the poetry of despair. The United States is not Mr. Carmichael's cherished model, Lowndes County; there are few other counties which have its overwhelming black majority. And it is typical New Left *narodnik* mysticism, albeit in Negro form, to call for "the coming together of black people" to pick their own representatives and at the same time to reject "most of the black politicians we see around the country today". Who picked Adam Clayton Powell, Harlem's absentee political landlord?

But rational argument will not meet the appeal of "black power". It affirms separation because it has met rejection. When Senators go out on the golf links to forestall a quorum rather than vote on "open occupancy", when hateful faces in the North greet Negro demonstrators with cries of "kill the jungle bunnies", when whites flee the cities as if the Negro were some kind of rodent, how else salvage pride except by

counter-rejection? It is the taking of white supremacy for granted that is the danger, not the cry of "black power", which is as pathetic as a locked-out child's agony. Nothing could be more disastrous than to divert attention from the real problems of our society by setting off on a witch hunt against SNCC. In Atlanta, as in Watts, trouble began not because of SNCC but because the cops are trigger-happy when dealing with black men.

Without extremists to prod us into action, we will not take the giant steps required to rehabilitate the coloured and the poor. The Negro still wants in; he cannot go back to Africa; his only future is here. Not black power or white but a sense of belonging to one human family can alone save this planet. But the time is short before hate shuts the doors. The time is coming when we will regret the billions wasted in Vietnam. The time is coming when we may regret the number of Negroes we have trained there in guerilla war. There is hardly a city where the Negroes do not dominate the strategic areas through which the affluent commuter passes on his way to the inner core core SNCC's hostility to the war is not disloyalty but wisdom. We cannot rebuild that sense of community, so essential to our beloved country's future by engaging in a white man's war in Asia while a black man's revolt rises at home.

IV Drama

The Australian University Drama festival was held this year in Brisbane at the Rialto Theatre in the appropriately named suburb of West End. Despite all its theatrical pretensions, the suburb itself was as theatrical as Redfern or Moonsee Ponds. As usual the Festival attempted to cram as much culture and drama into delegates as is possible in two weeks. On paper the programme of plays looked most impressive; unfortunately, in fact, it turned out to be far from that. The two weeks produced perhaps three productions that are well worth recalling and the rest are best forgotten. You were certainly provided with opportunities to learn from others' mistakes. The standard of plays was in general low and several comments were made that it will be a wonder in future years if the public will continue to support the Festival (to be held next year in Adelaide). A few of the plays were worse than amateurish and an insult to a paying audience.

Perhaps before launching into the more detailed aspects of plays, I should digress onto the subject of accommodation and other activities. Home for two weeks was Camp Warawee, a neo-primitive YMCA establishment 19 miles from civilisation. Here in the company of "sodomites, butch women and free lovers" (I quote Prof. Godfrey Tanner, a Festival institution from Newcastle), delegates whiled away their time on camp (no pun intended) stretchers and sleeping bags listening to other delegates describing their "technique" and then catching buses into the city for their daily dose of culture and then back at midnight, through the rain of sunny Brisbane for a hard morning on Four X beer.

To return to the plays themselves. The Festival kicked off with a first class presentation by Queensland of the "Duchess of Malfi" Saturday provided a double treat with two high class productions. Despite the demise of SUDS, Sydney was represented by the colleges, Saints Andrew and John, who provided a modern dress presentation of BARTHOLOMEW FAIR. This rollicking production kept the audience in the open air arena highly amused. As is inevitable in a big cast play there were some excellent bits of acting and others decidedly less memorable. The swift moving production demonstrated exactly what excellent entertainment the bawdier of the medieval plays can be.

In the evening, UNSW treated delegates and a full house to an excellent production of the THREE CUCKOLDS. It was certainly the highlight of the Festival. The scenario was reconstructed by an American, Leon Katz, based on all the traditional characters of 18th century commedia dell'arte — Arlequino, Zanni and Pantalone. Under the thorough direction of Victor Emeljanow, the production was of the highest professional standard. The simple set provided a perfect basis for the antics of the actors. The acting was superb and the masks, costumes and makeup excellent. Each actor possessed a great sense of timing and excellent comic feeling. Movements, which were an essential feature of the play, were appropriate and a pleasure to watch. At times it seemed like a ballet with words. It was certainly the talking piece of the Festival.

The next excellent production was from W.A. Producer, Colin O'Brien, showed just how much skilful direction can produce excellent characterisations from talented but by no means brilliant actors. The play was James Saunders' A SCENT OF FLOWERS. Saunders is not a well known playwright, but his plays are very entertaining. The story line of this one is most interesting. A young girl is dead and we see her funeral and the effects of her death on those around her, as she looks on and communicates with the living. Its humour is light, save for the heavier humour of the repartee between the two grave diggers.

Melbourne gave a good production of Donleavy's A SINGULAR MAN adapted from his book. It resembles a series of revue sketches and has no real coherence. Their link is the "average man" George Smith, who, overwhelmed by his surroundings frequently resorts to his escapist comment "beep beep". The set was massive and the production was well tied together, though the lack of a producer in Brisbane and an ANU and Monash man working their lights for them without rehearsal did make for some interesting happenings. The play is entertaining though unsatisfactory and its broad and sometimes obscene humour rules it out as a family show. It was saved by the clever acting of the leads —

Graeme Blundell giving an excellent performance, and by the Jack of all parts, John Clegg who showed himself a fine character actor.

Monash presented a brilliant production of "Medea" described by critics as "the best production of a Greek tragedy ever seen in Australia. The imaginative young producer, Howard Priddle, capable handled his large cast and ensured his audience's wrapt attention with skilful theatrical effects and thoughtful theme music. The sensational ending shocked the audience; as Medea murdered her children red spotlights cast the impression of blood over the set. The performance was marked by the brilliant acting of Miss Jenny Taylor as Medea whose fine voice brought out all the emotion and tension of the part.

The final show that was considered worthwhile was A.N.U.'s OH, DAD, POOR DAD, MUMMA'S HUNG YOU IN THE CLOSET AND I'M FEELING SO SAD. Producer Potas, having seen some of its weaknesses in its home run battered it into a more convincing piece and more swiftly moving and altered some of the characterisations to give the play more meaning. Aided by a very imposing set, good sound effects and an audience that was dying to see something above the low amateur level, it really came to life. The final bed scene between Megan Stoyles and John Stephens was slower than usual due to audience appreciation, possibly because Miss Stoyles was rougher than usual. The appearance of the corpse, brilliantly played by Richard O'Brien, brought the house down. The production was described as "one of the best of the Festival" at the seminar afterwards. Also at the seminar one of the audience committed sacrilege by describing Miss Stoyles as "not sexy enough".

A.N.U.'s other production of Beckett's ENDGAME was well received as entertainment and the four actors gave their best performance to date. Harry Abraham and Peter de Salis overcame with ease minor catastrophes like moving chairs that refused to move and alarm clocks that did not ring. The production was questioned seriously on a matter of interpretation of the play and the setting which gave too much prominence to the dustbin homes of Hamm's parents.

Both Townsville and Wollongong gave good performances for their first production at a Festival in two one actors, though the same cannot be said of Flinders' extremely static production of Sophocles' ANTIGONE with its embarrassingly bad acting. Tasmania's hastily put together effort of Anouilh's EXIT THE KING was not well received.

One would hope that in future years efforts might be made by individual drama groups to ensure that higher class productions are sent to the Festival. The AUSTRALIAN'S drama critic Francis Evers was so unimpressed that he stated his intention to never again write about student theatre. It is to be hoped that the standards will rise enough to make him change his mind.

The combined revue was a great success dominated by only a few universities. The uproar and rowdiness of the second performance attended only by delegates invokes the question of the desirability of having a second performance. Even some old troopers were scared to go on stage. SUDS provided some brilliant sketches and those from W.A. were greatly appreciated. ANU, although it did seven scripts was hampered by the fact that it had few of its revue people in Brisbane and had to make do with ring ins from other unis, who did not quite live up to expectations.

As a final note on the Festival, at a discussion group on the problems of university drama it was decided that dramsoes should experiment with theatre work shops, produce good plays that are unlikely to get commercial performance, steer clear of doing plays on syllabuses, should try and enlist more university administration support for cultural activities and press for the creation of more drama departments in universities. It was also decided not to take part as an I.V. in the N.U.A.U.S. Arts Festival to be held in Sydney next year.

John Stephens

The old evasions

The Repertory production of *The Ballad of the Sad Cafe*, September 15th-24th.

It was a great entertainment-enterprise. *The Ballad of the Sad Cafe* was switched-on stuff for Canberra after-dinner audiences, another piece of American-Gothic exotica with some pretence of universal implications. It was possible to enjoy the lurid characterisation (brought to life by some of the best acting Rep. has seen) and the familiar plot mechanisms and still feel that something deep had been communicated. The critics wrote of "allegorizing instincts" or "familiarity with universals". These suitcase phrases encase what actually took place on stage in pleasing abstractions. A less hasty reviewer or a less gullible audience might have observed that *The Ballad* was really only a now-traditional (if not hackneyed) exercise in melodrama, awkwardly adapted to the stage and helped out by a rather embarrassing attempt to give its incidents wider import through neo-Proustian generalisation. It was marred by all the evasions characteristic of a school of American writers who have translated spiritual sickness into physical and sexual deformity. The critics have grown meek. A homosexual or a hunchback walks on stage and they begin to write of Everyman. In the new world-picture, the diseased and the sado-masochistic queen is like bitter Christs in ostrich plumes over a shattered and philistine earth. Sensibility breaks down; emotions become parodies and inversions; the arabesques of interweaving human relations become crude finger-daubs to be thrust in the audience's face.

If I sound impatient, it is because the evasion has gone on for too long. In the early stages, it was exciting. Now, greeted again by a grotesque inhuman world excused by "allegorical reference" or yoked forcibly to irrelevant abstract meditations, I find my sense of values outraged. *The Ballad of the Sad Cafe* is concerned with three people — Miss Amelia, Marvin Macey, Cousin Lymon. Their names are repeated again and again throughout the play like magic incantations. All are incapable of "normal" love — with the possible exception of Macey, who is rejected by Miss Amelia. Cousin Lymon is a hunchback and a homosexual. Amelia herself is a hillbilly Brunhilda, tough and avaricious, alien to sexual love. Yet all need, and are tied to each other by undefinable threads of lonely yearning, until the situation finally explodes in a fight and Lymon leaves with Macey. The background for their experience is the cafe — now "gay", now "sad" and abandoned, and the life of the handful of town-folk who pry, comment, and share the shifting moods of the cafe. All the dialogue and action is ordered and enclosed within a framework of narration. This structure is Albee's contribution to Carson McCull-

lers' novella: a compromise with the requirements of the stage that tends to arouse impatience. Sometimes the narrator is simply recording the passage of time or filling in background, sometimes he is trying to present a "commentary" that tends to degenerate into clichés about love and loneliness. While his presence and the patterns of repetition in his speech helps to heighten the dream-quality of the play, he is often irrelevant, occasionally boring and sometimes pedantic.

Perhaps enough has been said about the content of the play. This is entirely a personal reaction, at odds with the fact that most spectators found the play absorbing. I can only argue again that this is probably due to its curiosity-value and the quality of the acting. Joan Bruce from Perth played Miss Amelia with appropriate leathery strength. Peter Batey was even better as Cousin Lymon, withstanding considerable physical strain in the cramped posturings of a hunchback and flecking each speech with malicious lizard-like wit. Warwick Ongley was the third of the trio as Marvin Macey, benefiting from his experience in earlier "tough-guy" roles and his shattering, granular voice. The minor actors were also good, though their assumed American accents were uncertain and erratic. There were, however, unfortunate occasions when the action broke down — the fight-scene was particularly bad. This was hardly the fault of the cast; they could hardly have played the scene more realistically without spilling literal blood. It was simply the kind of scene which has to be played behind-the-scenes, and this was not possible because of its key significance in Mrs. McCullers' plot.

I may have been unduly harsh to Mrs. McCullers. She has done more, after all, than recapitulate a tradition, and in her novels reveals not only insight but respect and sympathy for the sources of human defeat. And on stage, after all, it is inevitable that the Gothic elements should be exaggerated — we might compare the stage adaptations of Dostoevsky's *The Possessed*. But I think there remains one valid and central objection to *The Ballad of the Sad Cafe*: the problems of love and loneliness Mrs. McCullers annexes to herself demand an organic form to express them. As long as we content ourselves with abstractions or genre allegorizing, we are only half-way there. The play rang untrue not because it failed to create its own dream-world but because it attempted to make that dream-world an image for the entire human condition. On the basis of our own experience, we are hence entitled to shake our heads slowly and say "Yes, but . . ."

Robert Moss

CHILDHOOD ON THE MOUNTAIN

The little world without a name
walks up the hill in the afternoon
towards a house where sleep is possible.

Nobody speaks to the little world,
nor has it grasp, itself, of speaking.
It has not learnt the game.

The grass takes moving patterns in the
wind,
patterns perhaps it will never take again.
The air says, "I am here always".

The house contains those terrible people,
golden people who burn like factories
to make it possible for sleep.

In the mornings they create wholesome eggs
in the steam of their stoves, to make day
possible.

Yes, to make possible: afternoon,

when the little world without a name
walks up the hill among the grass, through
air,
towards that house where sleep is possible.
— HARRY ABRAHAM.



Peter Swan's winning entry in the A.N.U. Photographic Society's competition.

He wrote a poem in the sky
But the lines blotted into dark storm clouds
And people in the streets below were
knocked to the ground
In a shower of full-stops.
"Get this bloody question-mark off my
back — It's heavy!"
— GEOFF WATERS.

exhibitions

ROBERT WHITE

AT STUDIO NUNDAH

Robert White obviously enjoys the act of painting, and whips his paint around with considerable gusto. Unfortunately, the most frequent effect of this is an arbitrary chaos of streaks and splotches signifying little.

Basically, White doesn't seem to know what his "style" is meant to achieve. This is seen in a frequent clash between the desire to enjoy colour and paint for its own sake, and a half-hearted attempt at an impressionistic rendering of the way colours and tones are related on hills and bodies. The most telling pictures lean strongly one way or the other. The paintings of masks, for example, give the artist some opportunity to perform that necessary conjuring trick of convincing the viewer that "this is how things really are, though you would never have thought so if I'd not shown you". Their principal effect, however, is to reveal the poverty of the painter's "expressionism". The focal points of these pictures are uncontrolled streaks, with none of the presumably intended drama or awe coming through. The masks themselves, and the figures in the other paintings, are surrounded by fierce blobs of light and dark, arranged in patterns intended to balance the core of the pictures, but in fact having nothing to with it.

The best paintings restrain the "imaginative use of colour" impulse. "On the Reef" shows two impressionistic women collecting shells in impressionistic baskets. Both colours and brush-strokes are muted, and White's eye for the details of appearances is sharper than usual. However, the painting says little, and certainly doesn't "reflect the discord" which the artist, in the catalogue, says he feels at seeing the hardships of native women at work. (It is interesting that one of the women is bending in exactly the same position and angle as one who occupies a similar painting, and as a

third who is sketched on the catalogue cover.)

The most heartening grasp of seeing is revealed in two off-shore scenes, "On the Water", and "Canoe". Especially in "Canoe", the sky and water come alive and disappear into another in a Turnersque mistiness. Small figures, boats, and native huts are dark, frail and lonely against the whiteness of sea and sky.

Sometimes hinting at Turner, sometimes at Degas, sometimes Rouault, White's style unhappily chases after several different effects simultaneously. The general lackadaisical blobbiness of pictures of anonymous native women carrying baskets through landscapes of paint-strokes strikes me as thoroughly banal, unenterprising, and unprofitable, in spite of the red stickers indicating that the public is willing to fork out \$200 for such efforts. This should, at least give hope to the budding painters of the National Capital campus. "Hang at Nundah: pull in the plunder." (But please, if you have little to say, especially avoid tourist exotica in choosing your subject-matter).

CAMERON SPARKS

AT THE THEATRE GALLERY

(27 Sept. to 1 Oct.)

By contrast to the above, Cameron Sparks shows a clear assurance and control of materials in his drawings and water-colours. These could be construed as visual counterparts of the musical etude — light, sensitive, and tasteful explorations of the hidden possibilities of a deliberately restricted medium.

Piano music is particularly suggested by the water-colour abstracts, whose success hinges on the subtle modulations in the shapes and colour-tones of Klee-like mosaics of delicately hued rectangles and triangles, often harmonised against fields of white. The Klee playfulness also comes out in the whimsical titles, such as "Reviewing a Square World", "Beneath it all, you know", and "Stanley Spencer and the carpet". In this sort of thing the ridicu-

lous can come precariously close to the sublime, and "Beneath it all, you know", with its perhaps diagram of the psyche, and "Night Trees", in which the trees are aggregates of green diamonds, are not impressive. But when the movement and arrangement of diamonds barely suggests the natural object, as in "Scarecrow" and "Running Harlequins", the game works more convincingly. The best of the abstracts are "Reviewing a square world", "Something slow", and "Unpersian Carpet, II", completely non-representational.

Spark's economy of colour and excellent use of untouched areas is at its best in the Still Life's, especially "Still Life Trio", "Teapot and Oranges", and "Onion Still Life". In these, a sparse minimum of muted colour creates images carefully balanced between impressions of objects and abstract forms, in a classical clarity and restraint that delights the eye. The spirit of Cezanne, though somewhat subdued, governs these, though when, in "Still Life 1959", the colours grow heavier and more complex, they tend to coagulate awkwardly rather than enrich our visual enjoyment. Grip is lost on, to use Cezanne's own phrase, the "coloured state of grace" resulting from, say "Teapot and Oranges".

Also exhibited are several life drawings in ink, crayon, and pencil, which while hardly forging a vision, are more than simply craftsmanlike exercise-pieces. Sparks makes the world look very neat, clean, and pure without romanticising or etherealising it.

This is an exhibition of deliberately minor-scale works whose restraint and craftsmanship are at most delightful and at least could provide profitable lessons to unpainterly would-be expressionists hankering impatiently to let their undisciplined brush-hands fly loose into Dionysiac frenzy.

Cameron Spark's water-colours and drawings are exhibited in conjunction with 75 pieces of stoneware by Patricia Englund (27 SEPT.-10 OCT.), (whose work has appeared in several international exhibitions, including the Commonwealth Arts Festival and the Tenth International Ceramic last year). The Macquarie Gallery's arrangement of the pots and pictures in this joint exhibition deserves a mention in itself. Its elegance is aided by the works harmonising in a way that, say, poetry and oils wouldn't — to make the exhibition room a pleasure to be in. **Harry Abraham**

He knows that he is playing a game, and is amused by the thought that readers will take him seriously. It is in this sense that his poems are unpoems. He is not a charlatan but, rather, a dancer, delighting in the fires of his fandangos or the subtleties of his minuets, recognizing the fact that his ideas lose none of their arbitrariness under the compass and control of the 14-line sonnet or the formal quatrain, but at least they are endowed with sensuous life.

We begin to realize that his poems are the half-mocking affirmations born of failure: the failure of world solutions and sweeping prescriptions. "The Assassin" becomes the poet the intellectual, the commentator; his only solace, the beauty contrived from his defeat. Our attempts to storm the universe become "diamond bullets" to be sadly collected and spattered through the literary magazines. All this is at the origin of Abraham's artifice. Understanding this, we associate him with neither the hedgehog abstractions nor the masturbation miasmas of adolescent attempts to interpret the world through private despair, nor even with the glibness of a university poet finding a status and a satisfactory technique.

These poems are a beginning, a combination of disillusionment and formal slickness; they are also an ending, in the sense that Abraham has already reached a point from which he tends to launch into self-parody rather than new discovery. And this brings us back to the primal fact that, like so many other poets of our age, he is possessed with a way of writing rather than a driving theme. He laces and disguises a central void with his intricate, assured lines.

Robert Moss

John Frow and Robert Moss provide a vivid contrast in the forms and a subtle one in the themes of their poems in PROMETHEUS. Stylistically, Moss wields a highly professional poetic skill with confidence & ease. His four sonnets each carry through a single image, which spreads out into a surprise conclusion, tender or ironic, which you then see is the key, the point from which the poem is to be viewed.

His theme is the vicissitudes and ironies of the Quest for meaning and love — the necessity of transcending the chaos of raw experience, and the knowledge that in honesty our abstractions can never be final, though the experience of partially formulating them is itself further material for the endless groping towards some kind of understanding. The superbly arrogant voice of "Thoughts of yours like corded steel" is amused by the inevitable turning in relief of the common crowd to the cosy compromise, bewildered and afraid at the terrible complexities of the few who refuse to accept it.

Frow, like Moss, is aware of the sterility of accepting the temptation of fixed viewpoints on the world. In Frow, however, this quickly leads to pessimism. In "This is the climax to the green and falling years", he is concerned with the nightmare of bitter but doomed attempts to cling to old idols, followed by the humble acceptance of a actual powerlessness "all the cynicism" is another attempt to renounce passions and ideals, their being seen to embody from the beginning the seeds of their own degeneration.

But whatever such messages are buried in Frow, the poems themselves are annoying for their loose construction, their inconsistent imagery, the stray pounced-on adjectives of his wavering perception, i.e. the logic of the poems is not the logic of their images. The images, if they happen to appeal, are best enjoyed singly in themselves, "all the unreal/sterility of the wrought trees/set hard in prayer" for instance. This may compensate in part for their lack of integration with one another — the failure of the poems as units.

Harry Abraham

Prometheus

At last, another Prometheus (the first since 1958), another chance to retrieve ANU's reputation among the universities as a place of intellectual endeavour. Prometheus, for those who don't know (and who can be expected to by now?) is the literary journal of the S.R.C. at the ANU. The 1966 edition has been financed by both the S.R.C. and the English Department; it was edited by John Frow, and it is appearing soon. Is it anything more than an experiment, a "start", as the editor calls it? I think it is.

In the first place, there are the six photographs of ceramics by John Perceval: figures haunting the pages of the magazine like weird, mocking urchins, blowing out their absurd, Baroque trumpets as if that were all that was left to do in the world, and why bust your guts producing Prometheus? Staring at you from their chiaroscuro patterns of decadence, they are the archetypal ANU student, self-righteously affirming their right to live and let live, to make music and then to die. They have already judged Prometheus as the ANU will judge it: great, but so what?

Great, but with a few reservations. R. F. Brissendon has reviewed *The Solid Mandala* (favourably: "an undeniably exciting, beautiful and important novel"); A. D. Hope has again called for rhyme in poetry (capably, convincingly, but somehow sounding like the Protestant ethic. "the immense value of rhyme as a difficulty"), and Anne Godfrey-Smith makes a reasoned plea for "some kind of university theatre, not large or elaborate, but intimate, unpretentious, and above all, flexible." Her case is overwhelmingly proved: drama is not to be read, drama is to be acted. Where then, will students face the problem of drama in practice? Certainly not in the Childers Street Hall. (But somehow anything as vital and creative as acting and producing is held to be disreputable in a university. Reading Albee in the library is so much quieter.)

Philip Sandford writes fascinatingly on "Avant-Garde Jazz and the Negro", suggesting that the rejection of traditional jazz forms by critics like Le Roi Jones and Archie Shepp is

"fundamentally a political, as well as an artistic decision, paralleling and mirroring the loss of faith of American

Negroes in a peaceful and gradualist American Dream."

He quotes from Jones on Charlie Parker:

"Charlie Parker? Charlie Parker — all the hip white boys scream for him. And he says, 'Up your arse, feeble-minded oaf! Up your arse! And they sit there talking about the tortured genius of Charlie Parker. 'Bird' would've played not a note if he just walked up to East 67th Street and killed the first ten white people he saw. Not a note!"

Sandford is commenting on more than jazz; he is commenting on the agony of man.

Less empirically and less surely the artists attempt to make that comment: Mike Crowther least successfully in his poem "On Graeme Harding's Death in Lake Burley Griffin", the other with varying degrees of success.

The best is Robert Moss's "At Gordium: Part One", the first section of a novel-in-progress. Necessarily it is inconclusive, but in a few pages of uncomplicated narrative, Moss succeeds in evoking the reality of a world where there are only two possibilities: totalitarian security or degraded freedom. The first possibility is religion, and plumes and feathers, and homosexual priests (. . . "his smile reminded me of an unsavoury oil being secreted by a fish."); the second possibility is slime and blood streaming from the nose of an assaulted half-caste. Moss's poems do not equal his prose in evocative power, but they are equally well-controlled — sonnets awaiting individual interpretation. Not so the "Ten Poems by Harry Abraham", or, to be exact, nine poems and one "Unpoem", a fitting description which could well be applied to a few of the others. At times, he seems rather like those creatures of his own gratuitous creation, those

"intelligent frogs laughing and farting" who tumble headlong into their pond, but "Breakdown and "The Unwinding" remain effective pieces.

John Frow has contributed by far the best poem in his Dylanesque piece beginning

"this is the climax to the green and falling years, to lie in the last warm and vomited grains of control, hurled back through

the smouldering vaccumm," It is a dirge on the disillusionment of youth, compelled to "shyly walk the mediocre paths" after all.

Finally, there are two short stories. The first is a cornball effort by W. L. Marshall called "Suddenly", pointing to its moral with a big finger saying "THIS WAY, PLEASE". The second is Manning Clark's brilliant satire of all such overdrawn literary flops, called "Missing the Point" which never falters from the first grating cliché:

"The year Charles Hogan turned thirteen his mother sent him to Barrabool for the holidays."

There is even the never-forgotten childhood hymn, returning at the right moment to haunt a burning conscience:

"Oh what needless pain we bear."

The 1966 Prometheus, then, is something more than just a precedent. It is to be valued not as a portent of things to come, but for its own considerable merit.

Adrian Falk

poets IN PROMETHEUS — A REJOINDER :

Copy deadlines and an apparent preference for direct exposition have led the "official" WORONI reviewer of PROMETHEUS to content himself with a skim-reading of the poems in the magazine. It seems to me that his haste has done particular injustice to Harry Abraham.

Abraham's work inspires two introductory comments. First, that his imagination is of the mythmaking kind (by no means simply an adolescent variety) that either deflects experience into allegory or generalizing images or orders through imposed abstractions and frameworks of symbolic coincidence. Secondly, that he writes with a technical poise and — above all — a slightly self-derogatory, sly humor that prevents his conclusions from becoming a mere ritual of grand phrases forcibly yoked to daily life.

→ PROMETHEUS ←

The literary magazine of the A.N.U. is on sale now at the Co-operative Bookshop.

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BOOK REVIEWS

Pacifist
Conscience

"The Pacifist
Conscience"

Edited by
Peter Mayer

Pelican 1966

According to the Editor's Introduction, the purpose of this collection of essays is to present the classics of pacifist thought and to reveal something of the variety of viewpoints in which the pacifist conscience has manifested itself. It does the first by burdening the reader with the interior monologues of sages and the second at the cost of widening the meaning of pacifism to include the writings of people who would not consider themselves pacifists.

It is forced to do the second by the fact that, as Editor Mayer admits (quoting Burke), much peace literature is little more than "a commonplace against war; the easiest of all topics." The most ardent pacifists are seldom the most articulate or rational expounders of their beliefs.

Yet these deficiencies in themselves raise questions central to the pacifist stance. We may be able to dismiss the beautiful thoughts of the Magis (while admitting their contribution to the tradition), but we cannot dismiss the claims of the pacifists to have a social doctrine. This collection of extracts reveals the kind of assumptions that much pacifist thinking operates from. While the title of the book centres interest on the individual, it is, after all, the impact of the individual's attitude on the political environment which gives pacifism an altogether different meaning and importance from say, vegetarianism or any such purely personal code of behaviour.

It is unfortunate then, that the immediate relevance of some of the forty-four essays is extremely limited, in some instances by naive simplicity, in others by the fact that they refer to specific historical situations. What results is a competent documentary history of the pacifist tradition, imposing a unity on a broad sweep of thought from China in the sixth century B.C. to Kentucky in the sixties. What doesn't result is any real illumination of what must be done to achieve the objects set out so succinctly by the editor:

"... we must find adequate ways of making peace and we must learn to achieve social goals without resorting to violence."

Yet it would be unfair to condemn the essays as no more than interesting historical documents or the fond imaginings of simple souls. The motives and methods of Ghandi as adopted by the Negroes who support Martin Luther King's solution to the American Dilemma are well presented. A diary of the first Freedom Ride reveals the reaction of hitherto-complacent onlookers to the peaceful stand of Negroes determined to gain in social relations the rights theoretically gained by law.

Any account of the pacifist conscience provides an excellent opportunity to emphasise the rights of individuals to dissent from the prevailing beliefs about the social order. It is, after all, still worthwhile to be reminded forcibly that there are alternatives — that the present situation need not wholly define the limits of one's vision of what is worth acting upon. As a contributor points out, this is one of the "Functions of a Minority".

In contributing to the pluralist aspects of a truly free society, and in achieving clearly-defined social goals within such societies, the pacifist conscience has proven its social relevance. But is the pacifist so bound by his environment? The retreat of most pacifists (in occupied Europe) during World War II into death as a personal demonstration or "internal resistance" meant that they contributed little to the eventual overthrow of a political order inimical to their every tenet. But perhaps there is a distinction between the doctrinaire pacifist who unreservedly rejects any connection with force for any end, and those who

Historical
Journal

A.N.U. Historical
Journal 1966

Sometimes one comes across a journal compiled and edited by students which is worth more than an indulgent smile. The A.N.U. Historical Journal for 1966 is a case in point. In fact, this journal is worth reading. It is not a collection of rehashed history essays, or even a series of scholarly obscurities. Instead it is variety, variety of the sort which spans the whole spectrum of studies labelled "history".

The first article, for example, is highly competent journalism; "Return to Gallipoli", by Professor K. S. Inglis, describing the visit there last year by veterans of the original ANZAC campaign. It is a sensitive rather than a sympathetic account, which is comment, as well, on the whole ANZAC tradition. Thus, referring to a speech by a Turkish general:

"He spoke, as Australian orators on April 25 sometimes do, as if the two armies had not been enemies but participants in a common ordeal, sacrificial

Luther King calls the "realistic pacifists", who see pacifist methods (without the system of moral absolutes) as the most effective means of achieving a particular end. The struggle of the Negro in America has seen some groups take up this position effectively.

The fact that the personnel involved in the U.S. pacifist civil rights movements are drawn from the Christian churches highlights an important preoccupation of this book — that of the relationship between Christianity and pacifism. Historically, Christianity's contribution has been decisive, considering the general acceptance of force in Western society. The Quakers are one instance of this; the moving force behind the creation of the numerous pacifist groups both in this century and the last has often been a religious one. But at the same time, members of Christian congregations have been fervent supporters of the opposite position. In Germany, the Catholic Chaplain-General of the Wehrmacht condoned the execution of Catholic conscientious objectors; all over the world pastors have been consistent in discovering that God was on the side of whoever owned the real estate surrounding their parishes. Such "moral default" of the Christians has been the object of a number of the essays, none so perceptive and cutting as C. Wright Mills' "Pagan Sermon to the Christian Clergy".

"I hope your Christian conscience is neither at ease nor at attention, because if it is I must conclude that it is a curiously expedient and ineffective apparatus... I hope you do not imagine yourselves to be the bearers of compassion, because if you do, you cannot yet know that today compassion without bitterness and terror is mere girlish sentiment, not worthy of any full-grown man. I hope you do not speak from the moral centre of yourself, because if you do... you must be cruelly aware of your moral peril in this time of total war, and — given what you, a Christian, say and believe — I, a pagan, pity you."

However you or I, pagan or Christian, feel about the pacifists, pity should not be part of it. In keeping alive the spirit of radical dissent, in providing programmes for the piecemeal social change and in representing, on no matter how trivial a level, the vantage point of the moral point of view so often deserted by those institutions from which one is led to expect some form of guidance, the pacifist conscience is an important part of the much-vaunted and little-understood pluralism said to be characteristic of our "way of life". And if the pacifist view of political problems is so often absurdly simple, it is no more than dangerous than that of the "realistic", "tough-minded" militarists. Unfortunately, with the exception of the articles of Mills, Camus and a few others, this book does not do that rational, articulate minority of the pacifists the justice it deserves.

John Iremonger

victims to the god of war." Adrian Falk's article "The Dilemma of Historical Explanation" introduces a field of enquiry rarely found in more orthodox journals of this kind; methodology; and in particular the debate among historians as to how history explains, and whether that explanation is fruitful. (As a partisan might put it, is history science or bullshit?) Falk helps to clarify the terms of that debate.

Warren Ellem's "Mob Violence in the American Revolution" is neither journalism nor philosophy. It is history. But it is history of the new kind, written by a generation acutely aware of the "mass", the "people", and of the power they wield, and contemptuous of explanations purely in terms of minuscule social elites. It is Ellem's conclusion that the mob played "a vital leading role" in the crises which led to the war of American Independence.

This direction of interest is evident in John Iremonger's choice of William Sheridan Allen's "The Nazi Seizure of Power" as the book for review. As Iremonger says, "Most accounts of the Nazi accession to power published in English... are restricted to the realms of high politics. But what was happening within the social life of the German citizen, and what bearing did the political transformation of Germany have upon it?"

There are articles on "Opposition to the Victorian Education Act of 1872" and "The Annexation of New Guinea", an historiographical survey of Jacksonian democracy, and, to give the medievalists their due, a piece on the twelfth century heretic Arnold of Brescia, who was condemned by the Pope to be hanged. "His ashes were thrown into the Tiber, lest they become an object of veneration by the people."

What is the scope of history? The editors of this journal have shown that it is much more than the mere record of past events. And because it is so much more, it is anything but the dreary nothings which the name "A.N.U. Historical Journal" might seem to suggest.

Stewart Firth

Fringe
Dwellers

"The British
Political Fringe"

By George Thayer

Antony Blond 1965

"The British Political Fringe" is a celebration of British tolerance. Written by an American, the subject has been approached in a spirit of pure enquiry and detachment. The author claims that, for an outsider, one of the best ways to understand British politics is to observe it through its "back door".

George Thayer does two things in this study — he analyses the various groups on the fringe such as the League of Empire Loyalists or the Protestant Party, and then he goes on to explore the general characteristics of the individuals who populate fringe groups.

By Fringe Group the author means "those relatively small political parties and pressure groups outside the two-party system whose primary objective is to alter all or part of the existing political institutions and attitudes in Great Britain."

In the 1964 General Election, 134 fringe-folk were candidates and they received a total of 348,905 votes — or 1.3 of the total votes cast.

Some of the groups studied are single-issue groups. The Irish, Welsh and Scottish Nationalists are in this class as would be the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament. The explanation of these groups being rather straightforward, there is enough here to break the spirit of any true Irishman.

The connection between various groups of the radical right is clearly established, their explanation being far more complicated than the single issue groups. Included in this grouping are the Neo-Nazis, the Union Movement, the League of Empire Loyalists and the Freedom Group. The Fascists, after being relatively strong in pre-war Britain, were almost completely destroyed by the war. The small organisations that still exist mainly consist of idiot anti-semites.

UNION NEWS

As the first complete year of operation ends, a number of issues confront the Union management.

The one having the most obvious bearing upon students is that of costs. While most of the heavy trading loss incurred at the end of 1965 can be accounted for by the fact that Burton Hall catered for the first two terms, new factors at present endanger any plans to ensure that the Union at least break even.

Sharp rises in food costs, and the recent wage adjustments can only be accommodated, on present indications, by corresponding adjustments in the prices of some of the items offered.

Alternatively, consideration might have to be given to the feasibility of increasing the Union's annual income (in part students' Union Dues) in order to enable the Board of Management to continue the services and to carry out much-needed improvements.

These same financial considerations have compelled the Board to end the Refectory and Coffee Lounge services immediately after the Examination period ends (17th December). The Union Shop and Milk Bar will reopen on 5th February, with the rest of the services recommencing for Orientation Week.

Other aspects of the Union's services deserve to be mentioned. One such is the Union Night programme which certainly proved its worth during the past year. Since it depends entirely upon student response, it needs the co-operation of clubs and societies to ensure its continuation.

Information, necessary for the drafting of a future programme would be welcome before the close of this year or before next year's Orientation Week.

Recently the Union Management Board set up a Working Committee to discuss the possibility of amalgamating the Union and the Sports Union, in order to benefit from concessions and advantages impossible for two small units acting entirely independently. The question of somehow affiliating the numerous Clubs and Societies to the Union will also be discussed.

Operation
New Life

Since July, the R.S.L. has been engaged in the organisation of "Operation New Life", in conjunction with the Australian Army. This is a form of civil aid project being directed entirely towards South Vietnamese communities which have suffered severely from the effects of the war. Appeal is being made, through R.S.L. branches, to Australian individuals and organisations for donations of numerous types of articles which are required in the reconstruction of disrupted lives. Such things as soap, clothing and shoes, cloth, kitchenware, tools and plastic bags are being collected by Sub-Branches of the R.S.L., to be sent to Vietnam by the Departments of the Army and Supply.

Government civil aid to Vietnam includes engineering and agricultural aid. However, the alleviation of personal distress caused by just those events which occasion Australia's military presence (whether rightly or wrongly) is an urgent matter of humaneness as much as strategically prudent.

The Freedom Group, a militant anti-socialist organisation, believes that the world is turning right — "back to eternal values". This group is our first introduction to the Plot mentality; they see Communist plots everywhere, while the Fascists see Jewish plots everywhere.

The coverage of the outside left is rather less thorough. The basis of these groups is seen as undiluted Marxism-Leninism — i.e. they are leftovers from an earlier socialist period. These groups are so far left that they consider all other Philosophies are right-wing.

In his final chapter, Mr. Thayer rejects the notion that the epithet "lunatic" could be applied to any fringe. He sees the Political Fringe as a valuable source of new ideas and as a place for the rebellious to work off steam.

Chris Dwyer

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Applications should state qualifications and should reach the
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Calls for nominations for the positions of
(a) Revue Producer, May 1967,
(b) Business Manager, Revue 1967.
Applications should state qualifications and any policy ideas and should reach the Secretary, P.A.C., c/- S.R.C. office, by October 20th, 1966.

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KAMENKA IN RUSSIA

Dr. Eugene Kamenka, of the Research School of Social Sciences, returned recently from a ten-month visit to the Moscow State University.

Addressing the A.N.U. Russian Club, he made a number of remarks on his observations of social life in Russia, particularly of the intelligentsia. The view that "Communism and the Russian character have always mixed particularly badly" is borne out in such ways as these:

Adaptation to urban living has been destructive of many traditional Russian ways of life, especially of familial organisation and hospitality. The lack of consideration of human relationships is striking. The family bond is undermined even to the extent of husbands and wives being posted to different parts of Russia for a number of years, or wives not being allowed to accompany their husbands. Women are economically less dependent upon men; in general, the effects of social organisation upon family life are divisive.

Political opinion is, of course, extremely difficult to gauge. Among the intelligentsia is found an attitude of cynicism — for instance in unbelief of what the press dispenses. There is widespread acceptance of the fact that there is no alternative to the present regime — in terms of power, only Soviet power can be considered. The only hopes for liberalisation are from within the party. Most high-ranking intellectuals are members of the party, although this seems to make them more rather than less cynical towards the regime. Nobody believed that they were, with great difficulty, creating a society morally superior to the West; but

they are more inclined to talk in terms of the economic advantages of capitalism. Perhaps the feeling is that both sides of the curtain are moving towards a general industrial society.

The Russians' picture of the West is surprisingly accurate, especially in Moscow where books are more extensively available and there are many foreign visitors. In respect of sources of reliable information about the West, people can usually procure, if with difficulty, any Western publication. The influx of American, European, Asian and African students into Moscow State University leads naturally to increased knowledge and awareness.

Fear of arbitrary political treatment is absent though there is hangover of Stalinist suspicion; Russians do not often talk to each other on the street, and when talking with a foreigner a Russian by himself will be very frank, but if another Russian comes they do not like to talk openly together. Pressures in the university are careerist rather than political. The general feeling is that Russians keep themselves under firm control. They will speak frankly and critically, but always know exactly what they are doing, what is risky, and how far they can go. During Dr. Kamenka's ten-month stay, no-one ever spoke to him of specific party business.

A low standard of intellectual life, particularly in the humanities, is notable. There is a lack of specialised literature, and standards of academic accuracy are extremely low (e.g. much misquoting) although the reverse would be the case in mathematics and the sciences. These factors naturally affect the quality of intellectual life.



Abschol in Action

Film Review

SKY WITHOUT STARS

A.N.U. Film Group: Physics Lecture Theatre, Thurs. 13th Oct., 8.15 p.m. Members only — membership 12/- at door.

Set in divided Berlin, this is the story of the love affair of an East German woman and a West German man. The woman, who lives in East Berlin, has had a baby boy, left in the care of her dead lover's parents in West Berlin. She not infrequently crosses the border to see the child, and, finally with the help of a West German frontier guard, she smuggles him into East Berlin.

The relationship with the West German guard develops into a love affair, tragically brought to an end by the political division of the city. The affair is handled in a restrained and convincing manner, Eva Kotthaus and Eris Schuman acting well. For his performance as a Russian soldier, Horst Buchholz won the Bonn award.

The film is essentially a plea for the reunification of Germany; though propagandist in a sense its point is not to condemn either the East or the West, but rather to highlight the tragedy and stupidity of the partition of Germany. Unlike so many purely propagandist films, it attempts to be fair in its portrayal of the officers, officials and soldiers of both sectors; the temptation to develop either side as a mere collection of villains has been carefully avoided.

This is a very moving film: the tragedy of the political situation is heightened at the end by the closing shot in which the child (unaware of the fate of his mother and her lover) plays near the border — the border which separates Germany from Germany.

SURVEY ON TEACHING STANDARDS

A survey to investigate the standard of teaching at this university is at the moment being carried out by the S.R.C.

Its function will be to provide a basis for negotiations with the Administration. Since only 10% of the student population will be canvassed, the greater the response: the more representative the conclusions will be.

Although the most publicised feature of the poll is the question of lecturing standards, other factors effecting student success such as work load and tutorial sizes will be investigated.

It is hoped that the results might provide a case for the establishment of an Education Research Unit similar to that at Melbourne U. One part of this, the University Teaching Project Office, provides a consultant service for individual staff members and departments, advising on curricula, work loads and examination procedure. It also conducts research into learning and teaching methods.

Speaking on the need to establish similar offices at other Universities, its Director, Mrs. Barbara Falk, said:

"Something has gone wrong in the University community if the students have to set up an individual committee to investigate teaching."

By its very nature, a student-organised investigation appears to be working against the Administration. Publicising student opinions of the lecturers' capacities can hardly be expected to enhance staff-student relations. But in the absence of investigations carried out by the University itself, it provides the only measure of student grievances, and the only way to initiate improvements.

— SUE BARNES.

A.N.U. HISTORICAL JOURNAL '66

Articles on Australian, American, European, and Medieval history. By students at A.N.U. Melbourne New England 65 cents

Record Review

BRUCKNER: SYMPHONY NO. 6

- (1) ORIGINAL VERSION, Swoboda/Vienna Symphony Orchestra: Collectors' Series, W 9700 \$2.95
- (2) ROBERT HAAS VERSION, Klemperer/New Philharmonic Orch.: Columbia — Stereo SAX02582, Mono 330CX1943 \$5.75

Bruckner's Sixth is performed less frequently than his 4th, 7th and 9th, but it is nonetheless a beautiful piece of music highly representative of this composer. The symphony does not have a radiant climax like, say, the 7th, and is quieter and more serene, so that critics have suggested a title "The Philsophic". It is in the classical four-movement form, like Bruckner's other symphonies.

Like the others, the Sixth has from time to time been mutilated by well-meaning but misguided "improvers" and revisers (Bruckner was an extremely humble man perhaps too ready to take others' advice, even if he had misgivings about it.) The Klemperer recording here is of the Haas version which, while admittedly not as outrageous as some other revisions inflicted on Bruckner by Loewe and others ("improvements" which usually succeeded in destroying the most essentially Brucknerian features of the works) — is in my opinion not "better" than the original and hence cannot really be justified.

Apart from the version difference these two recordings do not have very much between them. The treatments of the first and last movements are much the same; in the Scherzo (Third Movement) Klemperer takes the tempo somewhat faster, though not disagreeably so, emphasising the dance-like nature of the movement. Swoboda takes it more solemnly, bringing out more prominently the rhythmic pedal-notes to quite good (but not over-strong) effect. I prefer this slightly slower version although I can appreciate the Klemperer interpretation.

Like the Fourth Movement of both recordings, Bruckner's Finales are always the best to bring off. Often Bruckner's symphonies to "tail off" (e.g. in the 7th the climax occurs a few minutes before the end of the Second Movement, and an unperceptive conductor can spoil the whole, thing if he fails to put enough energy into the Scherzo and just the right tempo and serenity in to the last movement). If the Finale is taken too matter-of-factly one gets the impression that the conductor has not understood the purpose and nature of it. The whole point is that Bruckner's music is not "problem" music like, say, Mahler's; Bruckner conceives his whole musical output as serene and joyful praise of God, at times deeply emotional in its joy, at other times lighter but nonetheless with each part of each work definitely fitting into the whole formal and, of course, logical pattern. His Finales are not just a formal rounding-off to be compared in perplexity with the previous climaxes; they are a resolute and serene affirmation of faith. Those who look for a blazing last-minute climax will not find it in Bruckner, because of the different inner logic of his symphonies. The central movement is always the Adagio, in which Bruckner expresses the prevailing mood of the whole symphony.

— D. W. T.

SPORT

The editors sincerely regret that no sport copy was available for this issue.

PROMETHEUS

The literary magazine of the A.N.U. is on sale now at the Co-operative Bookshop.

Price 4/-

POETRY IN AUST. UNIS.

POETRY Australia, Number 15, April 1967 will be a special Universities Issue collected and edited by Dr. J. G. Tulip of the Department of English in the University of Sydney.

All students and members of university staffs are invited to submit unpublished verse or verse criticism for consideration for publication in this issue to Dr. Tulip, Department of English, University of Sydney, before October 31st, 1966.

Payment is made for contributions accepted.

DYNAMIC S.R.C. MEETING

On Friday, 23rd September, a special sub-committee of the S.R.C. was convened to conduct the A.N.U.'s contribution to the Australia-wide student demonstration against the inadequacy of allocation of national resources for education. Those present were Marie-Clare Symons, Sue Barnes, Chris Blaxland, Clive Schollay and John Stephens.

The meeting began in a businesslike manner with members wondering what it was all about. Stephens, more constructive, wondered how to supply the meeting with coffee. Blaxland wondered whether it was all worthwhile. Barnes wondered whether anything would be done. After prolonged deliberation, Marie-Clare was revealed as the Chairman.

She talked about publicity. Schollay talked about himself. Stephens talked about the paper dolls he had been cutting out. Blaxland made suggestions. It was decided to commence the sit-in at 10 p.m. Marie-Clare called for responsible action and was supported enthusiastically by Stephens. Paper dolls littered the floor.

Barnes announced that Chief Librarian Graneek would co-operate. Stephens announced that he would get some coffee. What was wanted was the collaboration of the Hall's J.C.R.C.s to encourage participation. What was wanted was the clubs and societies to be notified. What was wanted was coffee, said Stephens.

Someone made an amazing creative suggestion, whereupon Marie-Clare called for order, but everything was under control . . .

A PRIORI

LOVE POEM

(To B.B.)

Give us a lusty, wassailing,
Out-of-the-roots-of-the-earth-rushed wench!
(Full of the joy of burdened bed;
Jangle-joining, in the gaiety!)
Not a mistress of prissy virtue,
Keeper of the Queen's continence,
A selfish, on-the-shelfish old maid,
But a rich-rounded, quick tripping girl,
Madcap-capering into the sheets
To be alive luxuriously.
Bawd-breasty;
Loin-lightening;
Caressed;
Consumed.

— CHRIS DWYER STEWART FIRTH.

MENZIES' THISTLE UNVEILED

JEPARIT, Sunday, Sept. 18

Among celebrations reminiscent of the greatest of the "Back to Jeparit Days", (remember 1923?) Sir Robert Menzies' Thistle was unveiled here today. More than half of Jeparit's 300 citizenry witnessed the historic scene.

In an atmosphere of mounting excitement, Sir Robert quietly recounted the story of his life and the debt he owed to his birthplace.

Finally the climax of the festivities was reached when Sir Robert stepped back to allow his tartan to be reverently drawn aside, revealing to the hushed crowd the highest erection in the Victorian Mallee.

As Councillor Schmidt, in a supporting speech, remarked, "The 70ft. column symbolises a local lad who rose by his own efforts."

The proud shaft, topped by a glowing purple thistle, will be visible 10 miles away at night.

Jeparit's three pipe and two brass bands played enthusiastically, while congratulatory telegrams poured in from Horsham, Dimboola, Arkona, Rainbow, Sunshine, and even as far away as Upper Fern Tree Gully.

And as dusk gathered over Jeparit and its fitting memorial, Sir Robert stood alone, quietly retelling the story of his momentous career.